wouldn't even let him have one bite.' Twas
the dreadfullest thing to say in all this world!"
Two bright little tears came into the brown
tyes, as she stood there and faced Bouncer.
"Can't help it," said Bouncer; "Lucy Camp
told me, she did! I can't help it!"
"Lucy Camp!" cried Perley. "Well. I
shouldn't have thought you would have done
such a thing! When I've often and often given
you a treat of every single speck of a thing I've
had. And 'twas only yesterday that you took
an awful big bite of my ju-jube paste, so I didn't
get hardly a bit myself. I shouldn't think you'd
have said such a dreadful thing!"
"O Perley!" cried Lucy, rushing up to her.
"I didn't really and truly believe it. Cam Pitkin told me 'twas so. Don't be mad at me, Perley!" and Lucy wrung her little hands, while
the tears chased each other down her fat
cheeks.
"Herr did Cam Pittin know, press, tall'" erled."

"How did Cam Pitkin know, pray tell!" cried Perley. "He don't live anywhere near our house, and I never see him except at school How does he know whether I eat apple-tarts or

crecodils' tongues!"

"I guess I do know," exclaimed "the Pitkin boy." "Gunnie Halstead told me so this very morning, she did! You can ask her so yourself if you want to find out!"

"Well, I declare," said Perley. "This is worse than I thought! Now, who told you, Gunnie?" "Twas Boodle!" cried Gunnie, in a shriek.
"Your own cousin, Boodle Copps—there! And
he told me yesterday—there! I don't care anything about your old tart, only he said so—

"Boodle!" gasped Perley, glaring at a small boy whose chubby face was a sight to behold, from its efforts to keep back the tears that threatened every moment to pour down in tor-rents.

rents.

"I didn't—I did"—he began. "Oh dear me!
now you won't give me any candy next time
you get any! I 'most know she won't!" he
cried, in distress, turning around to the group;
and down the shower of tears fell.

"Candy!" said Perley. "I guess you won't
get any from me, after being such a naughty
boy. Now tell me just what you said, and why
you said it. "Boo—hoo—hoo!" he walled. "Oh dear me! I thought you—boo-hoo!—did eat Johnny's tart— oh dear—boo—hoo—hoo—'cause''— "Go on!" said Perley, with a shake.
"'Cause I went over to see Johnny an' get
him—oh dear—boo—hoo—to gimme a piece, an'

he said he didn't have any-oh-boo, hoo, hoodo let go!"

"And a very good reason why," cried Perley.
"And a very good reason why I couldn't pos "And a very good reason why," ched Perley,
"and that very well proves why I couldn't possibly have eaten it, for cook didn't make him
any, that day, she was so busy. Now, then, you
naughty child, you see what trouble you've made. Do you run home just about as fast as

ever you ran in your life. I don't want to see
you again in one spell!"
"Can't you gimme some candy, ever?" asked
little Boodle, looking up through his tears for a
last change of pity last chance of pity.
"Never!" said Perley, setting her lips firmly, and looking the other way.
With a cry from a full heart, the little fellow ran as fast as his fat little feet could carry him to home and mother.

"He feels dreadfully," said one of the girls, looking after him pityingly. "I'm so sorry; I'm so sorry; hell cry himself to death,

"Can't help it," exclaimed Perley, coolly.
"Come, now, let's talk of something else,"
Next day little Boodle's place in the school room was vacant. "He's sick," said some one. "Got a sore Down went Perley's book on the desk before

her. What she thought, no one knew. "I'll go there after school," she said to herself, "and I'll get him some candy with my five cents, poor lit-tle fellow!" And then she fell to structure. fellow!" And then she fell to studying

again.

"It's too bad," said Jane Fletcher, coming into the house just as the amily were sitting down to dinner. "Boodle Copps is sick. Motifer, can't I get him some gum drops? He wanted some candy so bad yesterday."

"Did he?" exclaimed her mother. "Well, the child shall have it, such a good little creature as had a live sural" and she got up and went into thind shan have it, such a good little creature as he is, I'm sure!" and she got up and went into the bed room. When she came out, she put into Jane's hands a new 10-cent piece.

"Oh goody!" cried Jane. "I'm a-going right down now, this very minute!" and she flew out of the door like a flash.

"Candy?" said Bouncer. "How's a fellow to get it that hasn't a cent to his name. I bylight

"Candy?" said Bouncer. "How's a fellow to get it, that hasn't a cent to his name. I b'ileve he'd get well if he only had some. I know!"

He ran up stairs, two at a time, and presently dashed down again and out of the house, with a brilliant butterfly, the loveliest of his collection, in his hand. Walking rapidly, he reached the house of a playmate, where he went in. When he came out it was with a sober face. There was no butterfly in his hand, but in its place was a higher stayer coin and he did not place was a bright silver coin, and he did not

stop until the candy shop was reached.

"I just as lives take a quarter out of my money," said "the Pitkin boy," standing in Mr. Drops' little candy store; "father'll give me brops' little candy store; "father'll give me plenty more. Give me half a pound of your best assorted, Mr. Drops, and do 'em up pretty, for they're for a sick boy."

"You don't say?" said Mr. Drops, and he twisted a red paper around them, and then threw in a small candy cane.

"That's gay," said "the Pitkin boy." "Now, then, for Boodle!" "If I had a little brother," said Lucy Camp to her Aunt Jerusha, "and he cried for candy, it would 'most kill me not get it for him; and Boodle's so nice. Aunt Jerry."
"So he is," said Aunt Jerusha, kindly. "Well, now, you can't buy him any, Lucy, but you might make him some molasses candy, and that would be good for his throat."
"Can I, Aunt Jerry?" cried Lucy, her eyes sparking; "and may I just right straight off now?" and she flung her arms around the old leads needs

lady's neck.
"This identical minute." cried Aunt Jerry, jumping up to drag out the iron pot.

"Why don't you eat your candy, child?" said grandma, come on a visit. "Don't you love peppermint drops?"

"Yes'm" said Gunnie. "But"—

"But what?"

"I want to give 'em to a sick boy," said Gun-le, gathering courage. "He cried, oh hornle, gathering courage. "He cried, oh hor-ribly, for some candy yesterday. You can't

"Little Boodle Copps," explained mamma. "He's sick with a sore throat. He's a cunning

"Dear, dear!" said grandma. "Where's my bag? Oh, here 'tis. There, child, give him these, too," and she rattled Gunnie's hands full of pink and white peppermints.

"What a lot!" laughed Gunnie, scrambling for them. "Boodle will be so surprised!"

And it's saie to say he was! And the next day he cried again—but this time it was because he had too much. he had too much.

Spring Bulbs.

The only objection made to beds of spring bulbs is that though beautiful beyond description while the bulbs are in flower, the time of blooming is short, and thereafter the beds look bare and are not available for other purposes. This fault can be overcome by a little management and the use of such bulbs as bloom successively. The following arrangement has proved successful with us for several years:

Make a round bed of any size, and plant an inner circular row of crocuses, and next outside a row of hyacinths; then a second row of crocuses, and next one of tulips. Continue this until the bed is filled—making every second row crocuses, and alternating hyacinths and tulips between them. The row on the extreme edge must be crocuses, and the space inside of the first-row should be filled with tulips and hyacinths. The effect of a bed thus prepared is extremely pretty for a long time, and, thus arranged, it may remain undisturbed two or three years.

Show is no sooner gone than the bed is bright. blooming is short, and thereafter the beds look

Snow is no sooner gone than the bed is bright with the cheery little crocus, which apparently covers the whole surface. These will hardly have passed away when we have a bed or hyacinths in all their delicate, lovely times. The tulips then form a climax of gorgeousness that will last till the middle of June. The foliage of the crocus, which is extremely delicate and will last till the middle of June. The foliage of the crocus, which is extremely delicate and pretty, is in perfection during the flowering of the hyacinths and tulips, and covers the bed with a lovely green carpet, taking away the usual bare look of bulb-beds when out of their time of bloom. Still another succession might be had by scattering the bulbs of the Spanish iris through the bed. They are perfectly hardy, with slender foliage, and furnish exquisitely beautiful flowers in every shade of blue, purple, yellow and white, and even chocolate. These, following the tulips, need only seeing to be appreciated.

After the bulbs have finished blossoming, the foliage should be allowed to ripen, to perfect the bulbs for another year; but the surface may be immediately picked over with a fork (be-tween the rows and between the bulbs), and portulaca or petunia seed may be scattered over the bed. These will be growing finely by the time the bulbs are gone. After the first year these latter will sow themselves and be ready to bloom early. If foliage beds are preferred, small plants of coleus, cineraria and centaurea may easily be set out between the bulbs, making the bed very ornamental for the remainder of the season.—American Garden.

THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE, intended to break bad news gently, was sent to the widow of a man who had just been killed by a railroad accident: "Dear Madam—Your husband is unavoidably detained for the present. To-morrow an undertaker will call upon you with full particulars,"—Andrews Bazaar.

an undertaker will call upon you with full particulars."—Andrews Bazaar.

Navigation on the C. & O. canal is expected to be opened about March 15th.

The Baltimore cigar makers' strike has resulted in a victory for the strikers.

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A STRICKEN GIRAFFE.

ydney Smith's Ideal of Intense Misery Literally Realized. Dr. Henry C. Chapman, coroner's physician, whose genial nature age has not withered and whose infinite variety of cheerful speech custom has anything but staled, rushed excitedly into the drug store at the northwest corner of 12th and Chestnut streets yesterday morning and cried in peremptory tones: and cried in peremptory tones:
"Give me three feet of mustard plaster; and give it to me right away!"

The apothecary "with overwhelming brows"
looked up from amidst his "green earthen pots,
bladders and musty seeds" and said in a dazed sort of way:

"I say," replied Dr. Chapman, "I want three yards of mustard plaster, and I want it just as quick as you can make it. Patient is in immediate danger, Delay may mean death."
"Three feet of mustard plaster? Good heavens, Doctor, what are—"
"I say! three yards not three feet at least "I said three yards, not three feet; at least, when I said three feet I meant to say three yards, and I immediately corrected myself. And I think that I mentioned the fact that this was a case in which there was no time to be lost.' The Doctor was growing testy.

"But three yards of mustard plaster; why, bless my soul! You wouldn't want that much

if your patient was a hippopotamus with the stomach-ache; surely, Doctor, you don't really mean to say yards; you must mean inches." Dr. Chapman assumed an air of severity be coming his professional dignity and municipal office. He seemed on the verge of expressing a forcible opinion forcibly. There was a significant pause. Then his severity faded away, his dignity relaxed and he chuckled:

"The fact of the matter is," he said, "one of the giraffes out at the Zoo has an acute attack of bronchitis. His throat's sore all the way down. That's what the plaster's for. Now, then, let's have it." And then the puzzled apothecary saw day-light and set about manufacturing the largest mustard plaster that the world has ever known.

Flowers and Feathers. OME OF THE PRETTY THINGS TO BE PUT UPON THE

A chapter might be written on the old-fashfoned flowers that artistic dressing has brought into use. Those with yellow and red shades predominate, and include the marigold, sunpredominate, and include the marigold, sunflower, dandellon, buttercups, carnations, asters, dahlias and other stiff-petaled flowers; chrysanthemums, poppies and peonles—not of the largest sizes—are copied to perfection, and the great crushed roses without follage are shown in every shade that nature has ever presented them, from the palest tea-rose to the darkest red damask roses. The large flowers are commended for corsage bouquets; but tasteful milliners know that the most graceful trimmings for bonnets are made up of fine flowers, such as heliotrope, myosotis, mignonette, violets and pansies, with merely one or two large flowers to give the rich coloring required now by fashion. give the rich coloring required now by fashion. Ostrich feathers come in the three small tips that represent the three nodding feathers of the Prince of Wales, and are now in different shades of one color rather than in the contrasting col-ors that were too much in the feather-duster style; these are very handsome when showing cream, Tuscan and Isabelle shades or else graded from beige to pheasant brown, or from peari to heliotrope. These nodding plumes are chosen for Tuscan and chip hats, while for the more fulldress lace bonnets are the light, fluffy marfulldress lace bonnets are the light, fluffy marabout feathers of a delicate hue tipped on the
edges with cashmere colors. For walking bonnets in turban shape, and for round hats, are
stiff feathers—mounted breast feathers and
wings—that pass around the front and sides of
the crown and entirely trim the hat in the way
so popular during the winter. Pheasant's brown
feathers and those of the Guinea-hen are used
for these while others combine the blue green for these, while others combine the blue-ore Lophophore and gold eyes of peacocks' feathers to form cashmere colors and Japanese combinations. Quantities of thry green bugs and beetles are set about on these feathers, and again the feathers form butterfles, rosettes or thistles.

Wanted a Valentine-A Conversa-tion in a Bookstore. The Dubuque Telegraph of recent date said: A young man from the country stepped into Al-len & Taylor's corner book store this morning,

len & Taylor's corner book store this morning, and after gazing vacantly about for some time, inquired, "Got any valentines?"

"Certainly, sir," said the proprietor. "How many do you want?"

"Oh, I dunno. How do you sell 'em?"

"They are going very cheap just now, as we've got a large stock on hand and don't want to carry them over. Step this way and look at them."

He stepped up to the collection of samples and after looking over them for a long time he pointed to one representing a young lady with a huge mouth, a wart on her nose, three teeeth gone and feet larger than fiddle boxes. Her hair was red, and a guitar lay in her lap. She was in the act of singing, "Come where my love lies dreaming." love lies dreaming."
"How much is that un?" he asked.

"Seven cents," was the reply.
"Seven cents! Gosh, is that all? Now you just wrap that ere picture up quicker'n scat.
That's just the one I've been a lookin' for." The valentine was speedily encased in a piece of tissue paper, and, as he received it from the merchant's hand, he remarked confidingly:

"You see, I've got a gal out here in the country, or ruther I hain't got her so much as I used to have, cos another feller's got her now. But I used to be sweet on her, an' I used to go down to her house most every evenin' an' hear her play her house most every evenin' an' hear her play on her gitarr. She's got an ole gitarr that sounds like a pig a dyin' an' she can't sing no mor'n a hen kin. But I thought she was a purty deacent sort of a gal for all that. So one purty deacent sort of a gal for all that. So one night I goes down there an' I sets around till the ole tolks goes to bed an' then, thinks I, I'll be kind uv sociable lik. So I hitched my cheer clus to hern an' ses I, 'It's a fine evenin', aint it?" 'Yes,' see she. 'It's a nice evenin' fur a

walk,""
"'I like to walk,' ses I, 'Don't you, Ma-"'I like to walk,' ses I, 'Don't you, Malindy?"
"'No, I don't,' ses she, 'but I expect I would
if my feet was as big as yourn.'"
"Well, my feet aln't small, you know, an' I
kind uv'preciated the pint, so I kep still fur a
minit or two, an' then thinks I, I'll change the
subject So see I. 'Malindy it's surprise,' the subject. So, ses I, 'Malindy, it's surprisin' the amount of sickness there is goin' on around jest

Yes, see she, "It is surprisin." "Tes been kind uv sick myself lately,' ses I.
"Yes' I've noticed it,' ses she.
"I know what'll cure me,' ses I, 'Don't you?" and I looked at her kind uv lovin' like. "Yes,' ses she.
"What is it?' ses I, a-drawnin' my cheer a
little cluser to hern.
"I think,' ses she, 'you'd better take—let me
see. You better take—how would a walk suit

you?'
"Did I go!" Well, now, you bet your boots.
I don't need to be kicked to deth before I kin And he passed out, wondering at the smile that crept over the faces of a few who were

present.

English Manners and American Hospitality. [Mrs. Hooper's Novel, "Under the Tricolor."

"Mrs. Hooper's Novel, "Under the Tricolor."

"By the way, I heard of such a charming reproof administered by a Swedish gentleman to two English lords the other day. He had invited them to dine with him, and they came in frock coats, checked trowsers and without gloves. Smilingly surveying their costumes, he remarked: 'Oh, I see you have quite mistaken the style of my dinner; it is not a simple family affair at all, but a formal entertainment. So I shall give orders to my cook to put it off for half an hour so as to give you gentlemen time to go home and dress!"

"They would hardly have received even so delicate a reproof as that in America," I remarked. "If our society people have one weakness above another, it is for titled Englishmen. The rudeness they will meekly endure at their hands is something beyond belief. Do I not remember how, in Quakerosolis, Mr. Edgars, of The Daily Thunderer, was invited to a superb dinner party gotten up expressly in his honor, and at which he appeared in a shepherd's plaid walking suit, when every other man present was punctiliously arrayed in the orthodox dress suit and white necktie? And is it not on record how Lady Sparkleby, at a dinner party, which was given to her by the wife of one of our leading citizens, exclaimed, on having a plate of terrapin placed before her: 'Oh, take the nasty stuff away—I cannot endure the sight of it!' And did not Sir Diggiesby Digges attend sundry grand dinner parties at Newport in a black velvet morning coat? Yet who ever heard of a free-born American citizen resenting any of these small but significant tokens of heard of a free-born American citizen resenting any of these small but significant tokens of

any of these small but significant tokens of contempt?"

"And then their ingratitude!" 'quoth' Mrs. Harding, waxing warm in her indignation. "Do I not remember how one of our great western millionaires took a certain noble lord to his home and entertained him royally, going so far as to charter a special train to take him to some point of interest that he wished to visit? His lordship was enthusiastic in his expressions of friendship toward his kind host. 'Now, if you ever come to London, be sure that you let me know at once,' was his parting injunction. Well, one day our western gentleman concluded that he would go to Europe. Arrived in London, he sent his card as requested to his noble friend. A few days later the Englishman left his card in return, with two tickets for a review that was to take place on the next day, and a polite note requesting the American to call at his lordship's at a certain time to go with him. Owing to a balky cab-horse the guest was five minutes late at the place of rendezvous. His lordship was gone, leaving no word or message. And from that day to this our over-hospitable countryman has never seen him or heard from him. But even that was not quite so bad as the remark made by Lord Harry Lackland respecting Mrs. MacGillicuddy, when he was in America. That lady petted him and feted him to a perfectly absurd extent, but at all events he accepted all her entertainments and attentions for a whole winter. In the spring Mrs. MacGil-licuddy went to Europe. 'I am so glad' re-

EXCITED HIS CURIOSITY.

Returned Deadwooder Tells of His Stirring Little Experience.

A Returned Deadwooder Tells of His Stirring Little Experience.

"Beadwood." said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead-broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which a man "Il often need out there worse 'n a meal's vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a firearm. an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I hed—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I'carried down my back, the handle in easy reach just below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie knife. I'minot axactly a temperance man. I just don't drink an' don't meddie with ary other man's drinkin'—that's all. One day—I hedn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a s'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a feller come in, a reg'lar hustler, with his can full and a quart over. Hed a revolver on eac. side of his belt an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tenderfoot to drink I expect him to prance right up an'no monkeyin!' You h-e-a-r me!"

"Well, when his hand went down for his re-

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quicke'n fire 'ud scorch a feather an' swiped him one right acrost the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, and the s'loon fillin' up with bummers I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'You the man as kearved Bill Feathergill?' Cos, ef so be as you are, ef you don't wantev'ry man in the hills to climb you, don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' fur you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idee, so

I waltzed back and went up and down before that s'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it would do to let down. Purty soon I see my man a-headin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing out display of a retail dry goods store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-almin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar an' grabbed my file.

was a-amin at, so rooting in mand tack of my collar an' grabbed my file.

"'Hold on there, there; hold on,' sez he, 'gimme y'r hand, I'm friendly, I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—you'll pardon my curiosity—what sort of a d—d weapon was that, stranger?'" Aural Disturbances from Bathing.

The frequency of attacks of aural inflamma-tion from bathing demands more than a mere mention, for complete deafness may result from mention, for complete deafness may result from the injuries to the ear from this cause, and partial impairment is frequent.

These injuries from bathing are mainly due to the fact that man is not afforded the protection to the ear which amphibious animals possess, and hence the water may act injuriously in various ways. In surf bathing the mere force of contact, when the water flows into the ear, may injure the tympanic membrane, and when an incoming wave dashes against the face, water may freely enter the mouth or nose, and water may freely enter the mouth or nose, and thus be driven into the ears through the Eustachian tubes. The presence of cold water for a long time in the canal leading to the ear, as when much diving is done, may set up in-flammation in the canal or in the tympanic membrane, which may extend to the drum cavity itself. Ill effects may be produced by allowing the ears, head, and body to dry in a current of air after coming out of the water. Sea-water is probably more obnoxious than fresh, on account of its comparatively low temperature, and the large quantity of salt it holds in solution. A long continuance in the water should be avoided. The Russian bath should not be taken without protecting the ears when the cold shape to war. when the cold plunge is used. Diving is, how-ever, the most dangerous practice connected with bathing, for it is difficult to keep water from entering the ears, or nose and mouth. In diving, the pressure of water on the tympanic

membrane from without may cause vertigo. Even syringing the ears gently is known in some instances to occasion decided dizziness.—

Dr. Samuel Sexton, in Harper's Magazine. The Better Spelling.

The new fashion in spelling, says Professor David Swing, of Chicago, seems at first glance like a cruel slaughter of shade trees and pet birds and the family dog, but if one will look at the matter calmly he will see that it is no destruction at all, but is really an improvement of the old house, a trimming of the hedge, a mending of all the old fences, a making of a turnpike where there has been too long a mudroad, and the hanging of a neat gate where our fathers were wont to let down heavy bars. We ought to make a distinction between mere feelings and reasonable feelings, for if we have ings and reasonable feelings, for if we have permitted ourselves to become so attached to an old wooden plow that we would not exchange it for the best steel one, we are not persons of deep feelings but rather of deep babyhood and stupidity. The human race that will from deliberate choice spell the word program, programme, and tisk, phthisick, and which when its folly is pointed phthisck, and which when its folly is pointed to, will proceed to affirm that it prefers the longest way of spelling a word, should be compelled to go back to canal-boats and pack-horses and to dipped candles and to sermons two hours long. Progress is a universal movement of all things. If our fathers had a poor plow and a poor wagon and a poor reaping tool, so they had a poor way of spelling a sound and must necessarily have written as they acted and thought in other particulars. They had poor paper, poor light, poor pens, poor ink and a poor spell.—Home Journal.

Chinese Lotteries. HOW THEY ARE CARRIED ON-THE CELESTIALS' PASSION FOR THEM.

[San Francisco Chronicle.] There is hardly a town on the coast in which There is hardly a town on the coast in which Chinese lotteries do not exist, either as a local affair, or as one of the agencies of large lotteries of the kind in San Francisco. The tickets are square slips of paper, on which are printed so letters, these letters being the last in the Chinese first reader, or "Gin Chee Cho," as it is called. These tickets are for sale at all of the Chinese stores, and can be purchased for any price from ten cents to two dollars, the amount of the prize drawn depending upon the price paid for the ticket. When the ticket is bought the purchaser chooses ten letters on it, by marking them out with a pen, and upon these ten his chances depend. The drawing is conducted as follows: Eighty square slips of paper, each bearing one of the letters upon the tickets, are pasted by one corner upon a large board used for the purpose. After being thus pasted and found to be correct, they are next put into a large pan and thoroughly mixed. From this pan they are transferred to four porcelain bowls. 20 in each bowl. Four slips of paper, marked respectively 1, 2, 3 and 4, are next placed in the bowl and one drawn out, which indicates the bowl of tickets to be used in the drawing. After determining this the 20 tickets in the bowl indicated are taken out, one by one and remested determining this the 20 tickets in the bowl indi-cated are taken out one by one and repasted upon the large board, a caller announcing each letter as it is drawn, and the clerks recording it. letter as it is drawn, and the clerks recording it. Out of the 20 letters drawn, if the holder of a chance is so fortunate as to have marked off ten upon his ticket, he secures a large prize, ranging from \$1,090 to \$3,000, and even \$10,000, according to the money invested in the ticket. The drawings are made twice a day, and the dealers of the game, if at all fortunate, make a large amount of money from it. The chances are very great in favor of the game, but seldom over three or four spots being won upon a ticket, and over seven is a rarity. Under four spots scored the tickets lose, and over this to as high as eight the prizes are nominal, varying from 25 cents to \$50. This species of gambling is very popular among the Chinese, and there is hardly one but holds tickets for each drawing.

Raising the House Rent in Paris.

London News' Paris Correspondence, December 30

A far more dangerous symptom than any article of Felix Pyat is the almost simultaneous attempt of the landlords to raise house rent. They are not satisfied with their enormous profits, but put on the screw tighter than it ever was in the Emperor's time. It was their avidity which, by allienating all the small bourgeoiste from the side of the assembly, rendering the commune possible. Practically tenants are in their power. It is expensive and inconvenient to move furniture, and people recoil from the unknown evils which a new domicile may bring with it in the form of uncivil concierges and noisy or disreputable neighbors. If the landlord class go on making extortionate demands, a time might come when a vast number of quiet, peace-loving people would be glad of lany public disturbance which might cause a fall in rent, Raising the House Rent in Paris.

[London World.]
I heard a good story the other day of a yeo-I heard a good story the other day of a yeo-mary regiment in the eastern counties. After the annual review the inspecting officer ordered the regiment to do some outpost duty. The day was cold and wet, and some time had elapsed before the dispositions were made and the in-specting officer could make his tour of the out-posts. Riding up the hill, he and his staff came upon a solitary vedette shivering in the cold. "Now, my man," said the inspecting offi-cer, "what are you?" "What am I?" said the man; "why I'm a — 100l. I've been here three hours in the rain, and have had enough three hours in the rain, and have had enough

The Cashier of the Period. The Cashier of the Period.

There is a good deal of square common sense about the directors of a savings bank down at Marysville. They engaged a new cashier the other day, and the president said to him: "Mr. Steele, your duties will be very light, and the salary \$400 a month. Now, if you'll agree not to speculate in bonds, or gamble, or hypothecate the deposits, we'll double the pay. Come, now, what do you say?" "I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," was the reply, "and I'll think it over, and give you an answer in the morning." But he refused the offer, after all. He said he couldn't be cramped down in that way.

—San Francisco Post.

Five hundred cabinetmakers in the employ of H. Herman, New York, struck work yesterday, for an increase of wages,

[London Truth.]

In England, where young men and maidens who have attained their majority are not bound to ask for parental permission in order to marry, one would think that elopements were seldom excusable; but parental authority can make itself felt in many unpleasant ways, which sometimes force children to make runaway matches. Say that a girl is very deeply in love with a man whom her friends dislike. She knows that if she mentioned his name in the family circle it would lead to scoldings, maledictions, and petty would lead to scoldings, maledictions, and petty persecutions without number. It is not every girl who has the moral courage to face this kind of thing; besides which, as the endurance of it could bring about no good result, seeing that a girl who is dependent on her parents for sup-port cannot practically be married from their house unless they please, elopement suggests itself as the only solution of the difficulty. It is, at the best but a very sorry expedient and one at the best, but a very sorry expedient, and one which, it may be presumed, few girls adopt without reluctance. To slink out of a house with a small bag of linen in one's hand, to meet the bridegroom in a cold, empty church, and there to be married, without wedding dress, bridesmaids or friends; then to start off on the honeymoon tour with the feeling that one has quarrelled for life with father, mother, brothers and sisters—this is a measure which can only be undertaken with anything like brothers and sisters—this is a measure which can only be undertaken with anything like lightness of heart by a very thoughtless girl or by one of the highest spirits. It has been noticed, however, that the girls who have happy homes elope more easily than those who have been much bullied by their friends, and this is only natural, for the latter fear the wrath of their family most. The happy girl, who for once meets a resistance to her wishes to which she has not been accustomed, frets under the curb like a restive filly, and, deciding to bolt, reflects that she shall be able to make matters all right with her friends by-and by. But the girl who with her friends by-and by. But the girl who has been brought up under harsh rule by strong minded parents is aware that she must expect implacable resentment as the penalty for disobedience. If she nerves herself to elope, she will only take this step with fear and tremb-ling; and years of her after life may be spont in abject sorrow at being unable to effect a reconciliation with parents whom she will be taught to believe she has deeply injured. These second acts of the elopement dramas are often more unpleasant for the actors; and the third ones which are apt to culminate in distinheritance, are less agreeable still, but these chiefly concern the

agreeable still, but these chiefly concern the men.

Men elope for reasons which will not always bear such close looking into as those which girls can urge in their defence. A young man of good character, industry and fair professional prospects, has so many points in his favor when urging his suit, he is so sure to bear down parental opposition in the end, provided he be brave, constant and patient, that an elopement in his case must generally be taken as an indication of weakness. Men elope from vanity, wishing to prove that they are their own master's; from deficient courage when they "hate rows;" from shame when they have got entangled with girls who are much their inferiors is social station; and from cunning greed when they wish to secure heiresses. Elopements in view of mesalliances are the commonest things going. They seldom lead to much good, because if a young gentleman has espoused a housemaid, he may possibly obtain forgiveness from his friends, but he is not likely to get leave to introduce his wife into his family circles. As a consequence he must expect conjugal tiffs, scenes of weening and hysteries followed un by a cheloe. consequence he must expect conjugal tiffs, scenes of weeping and hysterics, followed up by a choice between quarrelling with his kinsfolks or seeing his wife take French leave of his roof. I knew an unfortunate man who, to the disgust of his connections, mostly personages of high rank, married a barmaid. He became reconciled with his mother after awhile, but he was unable to prevail upon her to receive his wife, who there-upon began to vex his soul with orders to be more zealous in interceding for her. At last the mother relented, that her son might have peace, and a day was appointed for the two ladies to meet. They sat in glum silence for the first few minutes of their interview; then epigrams were exchanged, then recriminations, till the were exchanged, then recriminations, till the voices growing shriller and shriller, a scene of shrieking words ensued, the whole concluding with fainting its and with the deep disgrace of the husband, who found he had estranged both his wife and his mother. Men have generally this advantage in their elopements, that when the wife's family pardons, the husband is forthwith admitted into it. To be sure, this privilege may not be worth much when it introduces a with admitted into it. To be sure, this privilege may not be worth much when it introduces a man of delicate nerves into a distinguished circle of persons who privately scorn him; nor when it procures him the honor of being addressed as "Cousin Dick" by the costermonger selling bloaters outside his club.

No general rule can be laid down as to the propriety or impropriety of elopement. Every separate case must be judged on its merits. It, on the one hand, parents often throw too much water on the flames of a firstlove, it must be remembered that the experience of elderly people is worth something in forming augurles about a marriage, and that, moreover, the prohibitive "No" is often pronounced under the sincere belief that the young people who want to get married are not so seriously in love with each other as they appear to be. It is but seldom other as they appear to be. It is but seldom that parents will remain obdurate when they see that a mutual attachment has stood the

wear and tear of years, and that real unhappiness is caused to the lovers by withholding from them permission to marry. I had written thus far when a lady to whom I had been reading this little essay asked me whether I considered that the conside red that any girl was bound to languish for 'years' simply to convince puzzle headed friends that she had made a good choice in her love. "Life is too short," added my fair critic, "for us to fling our best years away in that fashion. Of to fing our best years away in that fashion. Of course, if people are in love they ought to marry anywhere and anyhow, without caring for anybody. That is the way to be happy."

To this I have nothing to add, except that the postulate which lays down that happiness is the inevitable result of a love match has in it a refreshing novelty, and conveys, by the by, a most delicate compliment to the fair critic's husband.

INO AND UNO. Ino and Uno are two little boys.
Who always are ready to fight,
Because each will boast
That he knows the most,
And the other one cannot be right. Ino and Uno went into the woods, Quite certain of knowing the way: "I'm right! You are wrong!" They said, going along, And they didn't get out till next day! Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,
To angle awhile in the brook,
But by contrary signs
They entangled their lines,
And brought nothing home to the cook!

Ino and Uno went out on the lake, And oh, they got dreadfully wet! While discussion prevailed, They carelessly sailed, And the boat they were in was upset! Though each is entitled opinions to have,
They need not be foolishly strong;
And to quarrel and fight
Over what we think right,
Is, you kneA and I know, quite wrong!
—Josephine Pollard in St. Nicholas.

An Original Critic on Herr Adamow-ski, the Violinist.

The following is a composition by a boy who attended the Thursby concert, at Binghamton, by courtesy of a bill-board ticket, giving his opinoin of Herr Adamowski's violin solo playing: "Fust wen he come out he stud stil a minit an luked at the peple like he would say this is me this is—and then he just striked a posish and begined to fiddle, fust off I didn't like it with sour beorg sort it made me feel learners. wuth sour beens cos it made me feel lonesome like I had dun somethin I won't glad of, but bi like I had dun somethin I won't glad of, but bimeby wen he cum to the hornpipe on the end
of the tune wich was a owful long wun an didn't
have no reglar tune to it nowhow. I never see
sich a fiddler sense I was born; he clum from
one end to the top an' back agin' down low,
quicker'n scat, an' you couldn't see his fingirs,
nur his arm, nur nothin', not no mor'n you can
see the spokes in the wagin when I drive my
Unkle Jim's ole hoss wen I kno he don't kno
about me. He plaid that ere hornpipe like litenin' and' I liked it to, it made me feel all over
like it was a Christmas tree agin, but blimeby like it was a Christmas tree agin, but bimeby he cum back on that ole slow tune agin, an' this time he had a little brass comb on his fiddle wich made it sound like one of them ven-trillikers dose wen they talks like a little man in the box, and' sez I-i don't see wen a man can fiddle such inspirin' gigs like he kin wat he wants for to fool with them ere kind of shiverin tunes fur. like it woold freze a fellers marrer bones to deth. -Binghampton Republica

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

How They do Things in Arkansaw

(Cincinnati Commercial.)

"If you want a good item," said Jim Johnson to a reporter the other day, "I can tell you of a funny occurrence that happened at Hot Springs last summer while I was there. Mayor Linde, of Hot Springs, had been blackguarded by the editor of a paper there until he couldn't stand it any longer, so, according to the custom of the country, he went out gunning one day. He brought down two bystanders before he bagged his game, the editor, whom he shot in the leg. None of them died, I believe. Then he went on a spree, and having full charge of the police and the station house, he turned out all the prisoners in the station, a lot of horse thieves and murderers. The next morning he fined himself \$10\$ for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In the course of time he was indicted for the shooting. He got a change of venue on the ground that he couldn't get justice in that county. His trial came off in another country. He was fined a fine and costs amounting to \$35. county. His trial came off in another county. He was fined a fine and costs amounting to \$55. He had had forty witnesses subpoenaed. Their fees amounted to \$5 each.—\$200. They lumped their fees and gave them to Linds. He paid the \$95 and pocketed \$105 and went home happy." That's the way they do things in Arkansaw.

An Illinois schoolmistress was unable to chastise the biggest girl pupil, and called in a young school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love, and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages and got a verdict for \$50. There is no longer and langer of a scarcity of ice. Not Such a Fool.

We were disputing during school recess about the comparative courage of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races, and after much bantering, I said: "Look here, Barney, we can test the thing right here. You are an Irishman and I am a Yankee. Now I will engage you to do something right here, this moment, that you will not dare to do." "Go ahead," returned he, defaulty, and the boyer provided." will not dare to do." "Go ahead," returned he, deflantly; and the boys crowded round to see the fun. I took a large pin from my coat and deliberately pushed it through the lobe of my ear, pulled it through to the head, then drew it out. It hurt dreadfully, but I never winced. "There, Mr. Celt," said I, handing the pin to Barney, "dare you do that?" Every eye was upon him, but he was quite equal to the occasion. "Yes," he replied, slowly, "I dare do it, but I'm not such a fool!" What a shout the boys did raise, I slunk away, looking and feeling silly enough! I had a sore ear for many days, and firmly re-I had a sore ear for many days, and firmly resolved never again to outbrag an Irishman. Gabriel (Cal.) Press.

The Bonanza Kings. O'BRIEN DEAD, FAIR'S BRAIN SOFTENED, AND MACKAY HARD AT WORK.

[New York Sun.] The report that the bonanza kings of Califor-The report that the bonanza kings of California are going to remove their San Francisco headquarters to New York has not been confirmed thus far and is not likely to be. Since the death of O'Brien the control of the immense interests of the concern has devolved upon the surviving partners, of whom one, Mr. Fair, is said to be suffering from an inciplent softening of the brain, and another, Mr. Flood, seems to be inclined to attend chiefly to his personal comfort and to the approaching wedding of his daughter with the son of Ex-President Grant: The burden of work falls mainly upon the shoulders of J. W. Mackay, whose wife is said to have sat for the portrait of Mrs. John Bryan in Mrs. Lucy Hooper's new novel, "Under the Tricolor." The novel is likely to have a considerable succes de curiosite, owing to the fact that nearly all of the characters in it are sketches of members of the Americans colony in Paris. that nearly all of the characters in it are sketches of members of the Americans colony in Paris. Mrs. John Bryan takes the lead among them and is made very attractive. But still more interesting would it have been to have the obverse of the medal—a novel portraying the type of the husband of Mrs. Bryan, the Irish-American who sends her and her three children to Paris to lead a princely life, and who himselt works in the depths of the Nevada mines from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. That a man who has nothing or little to eat should be willing to work 2.800 feet below the surface is thought quite natural; but that a man who has fifty or sixty millions of dollars should do so is a psychological phenomenon, the the solution of which calls for something more than a filmsy novel written in a ladylike style.

1880 the newspapers 1880

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